

THE PROCLAMATION

WORKING UP SENTIMENTS APPROPRIATE TO THANKSGIVING.

A Rough Draft Goes the Rounds and Picks Up Additions In Inks of All Colors—Finally Engrossed on Cream Colored, Gift Edged Paper and Signed.

The concoction of that time honored document, the Thanksgiving proclamation, which sails forth annually as the impromptu expression of the national executive's religious gratitude, is the terror of the state department. Every year it is called upon to produce something new in that line, and its efforts to say the same thing in a different way, to avoid if possible verbatim copying of last year's letter, is one of the venerable jokes of the diplomatic greenroom.

About the first or second week of November, everybody knowing that the day falls on the last Thursday of that month, the chief clerk or some assistant secretary suggests that it is time to think about the "proclamation."

The chief clerk accordingly runs down the list of drafting clerks, ascertains which of Uncle Sam's servants is at the time basking in innocuous desuetude and dispatches to the delinquent by messenger an order to get up a draft for the proclamation.

This rouses the clerk from his lethargy. He rises to the situation with alacrity. His first inspiration is to turn out a paper different from its predecessors. The second arrests the divine afflatus. What on earth can he say that has not been said?

He writes the word "whereas" and pauses. In despair, at length, he turns for help to the classics—that is, he consults what Van Buren, Tyler and Fillmore have said in past years and makes that a groundwork for a draft. This embryo proclamation is then sent, through the chief clerk, to the assistant secretaries.

The first touch up the document receives is the insertion of a lot of capital H's for deification, which the clerk has forgotten in the throes of composition. Then an assistant secretary, finding it remiss in pious fervor, proceeds to insert plenty with red ink marginal notes.

Thus the word prayer is followed by "songs of praise," and "tribute of gratitude" is bracketed after worship. So long, so faithfully has this servant of the people discharged this self appointed task that he is known in office parlance as the "divine invocator."

Thus revised the draft proceeds to some other grand mogul of the diplomatic greenroom, who finds that now that the Dole has been duly attended to something complimentary is due the nation at large. So caret, in blue pencil, insert "our prosperity and greatness," the "labors of our people" or "our marts of trade and traffic."

This tricolor draft is now handed around.

In what follows, we agree with him. He is in a penitent mood. Seizing a pencil, he adds "that we have not been visited with swift punishment for our shortcomings."

Another handles the document and finds that it is too general, fails to identify the year, so he brings in a few master strokes in purple indelible pot-hooks alluding to the "deadly march of pestilence," "afflictive dispensation" and "fury of elements."

The document now seems to meet the requirements. It is sent to an engrossing clerk, who proceeds to "fecit secundum artem," like a drug clerk making up a prescription. There are rules to be observed, rules as inviolable as those governing the Bank of England. A certain cream colored gilt edged paper is used. An elaborately ornamental title is flourished half way down the page in old German capital script announcing "A Proclamation by the President of the United States." The original wherein has not with many vicissitudes during the travels of the draft.

Restored to its proper dignity, the chief difficulty now is to disentangle the many colored insertions which crawl like caterpillars all over the sheet. By standing on his head, squinting on the bias or thumping his guessing bump to its utmost, the engrossing clerk at last turns out a highly respectable and decent looking document.

He submits it to the chief clerk. Meanwhile he waits in nervous suspense lest it be returned with a request for another copy or be disfigured by the insertion of more colored caterpillars.

If the engrossed copy is approved, it is taken to the White House. The executive may or may not read it. It's pretty safe to say he does not, but he never fails to sign it. With the president's signature it returns to the state department.

A lithograph copy is struck off and sent abroad to our ministers and consuls.

The original is filed in the "Book of Credence," a somber, venerable volume exhaling an old time aroma from its yellow time stained pages, which preserves from the foundation of our glorious republic the proclamations of all our executives in exquisite script, for the typewriter—that cruel electrocutor of the epistolary art, has yet to decipher the precious files of the state archives.

Before seeking its mausoleum, however, a typewritten copy of the Thanksgiving proclamation is given out to the press, and the millions of readers think what a very pious, God fearing man is the president.—New York World.

Economical.

The Boston Transcript has heard of an economical man. He is a locksmith, and needing a sign he went to a sign painter and got an estimate for lettering. Then he nailed two locks to a board and asked the painter to paint after them the word "mifit." The Philadelphia Ledger suggests, however, that it would have been cheaper to have used only one lock and paid the painter for an "M."

A Congressman's Great Speech.

The other day I was listening to a congressman relating to a small circle his experience at a recent convention. I will make a secret of his name, as I propose to live long and uninterrupted in the land which the Lord elected, and in no wise crave to be cut off in the blushing morning of my days. The fact is, this statesman is a very broad, athletic one, of a shifty and uncertain temper.

"Ye should have heard me speech," he said. "It was a lulu. And I paid me respects to Congress, too, me boy. I told 'em in the way matters had been mishandled we wouldn't have the money to meet the expences of the print physical year. Then I bore down on the hypnotism practised in this house."

"The hypnotism?" queried a listener.

"Yes, the hypnotism. The appointment of all them sons and re-latives of congressmen to lucrative stipends. Here's the b'y's of three congressmen on the page's roll now, be hivins, earnin their seventy-five dollars a month the year round and them b'ys, mind ye, only nine and ten years old, and the legs of them no bigger than spindles. I should say it was hypnotism."

"And thin," continued the congressman, "when our man wint through all right I jumped up and moved to make his nomination ceremonies, and thin the foon began."

"Unanimous, you mean," corrected an auditor.

"Well, phwatever it is, I done it, but they voted it down. All the same he's nomenated, which is what we were after."—Washington Cor. Kansas City Times.

Ratmaking Bombs.

A company engaged in the manufacture of explosives in this city has for sale now small bombs about the size of frankfurter sausages, with which it is said the farmer can bring down small showers of rain whenever he sees clouds over his land.

The constituents of one bomb are divided into two parts, liquid and solid, which are both separately nonexplosive. These can be kept separate until the time comes to use them, when they are mixed.

The solid part is about an inch in diameter and eight inches in length, and is wrapped in cotton. These bombs are placed in grooved tin boxes, each holding ten. A small tin measure, containing the liquid part, accompanies each box. It is graduated to show the quantity needed to saturate the bomb to the exploding point.

Five or fifty bombs may be used, according to the amount of rain needed or the detonation required. How the farmer is to know how much detonation is a dubious matter. The bombs are tied in a bundle, a time fuse is attached and the whole lot discharged from a mortar and at the passing cloud.

In hilly countries clouds often pass over the valleys and discharge their contents on the barren mountain sides. In such regions, it is said, the bombs put the problems of commercial future to predomina-

THE PERSON.

One only friend I have—
Accomplished some—
One only love remains—
That will endure.

All other friends are dear:
He knows how dear
Who gave them for our joy
And solace here.

All other loves are sweet:
He knows how sweet
Of whom and souls that lack
For love entreat.

But friends however true
This life will test,
And they will fail us oft
Who know us best.

And loves however strong
In time may change,
Misfortunes may divide,
New ties estrange.

Sorrows of all will come
Some sad offence:
Mistrust will chill, and doubt
Drive friendship hence.

Oh, slow of heart to leave
What yet we own—
One only perfect friend
Hath any known.

—H. M. Kimball in New York Independent.

The Transition of Electrical Theories.

To the question, "What is electricity?" which is often asked, no absolute and satisfactory answer has yet been found. Notwithstanding the wonderful development of electrical applications, electricians are still feeling their way as to the nature and many of the principles of the operation of the mighty force that they are learning to control. This was suggestively shown by a remark made by the vice president of the American institute of electrical engineers at the annual convention of that body.

The speaker claimed that the present theories of electricity should be regarded merely as stepping stones to more comprehensive and satisfactory ones.

He contended that modern theories of electrical phenomena, if adopted as an absolute framework of all our knowledge of these subjects, may, in a few years, become prison bars that will prevent the mind from making a free and unprejudiced investigation of new theories and new phenomena, and giving due weight and significance in the general science of electricity to the results obtained by the most recent experiments.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Future of the Mississippi Valley.

The delta of the Mississippi, below its junction with the Ohio, richer than the Nile or the Rhine, exceeds the combined area of Holland and Egypt, and is destined under the stimulus of free labor and the incentives of self government to build a fabric of society more opulent and enduring. Add to this the inexhaustible alluvion of the streams above, and the fertile prairies from which they descend, and the arithmetic of the π has no logarithms with which to compute the problems of the commercial future.

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